TRANSLATED BY ELBERT PERCE.

CHAP, XIV. The Breakfast-A Visit to Professor Ling's. When Mr. Garben arrived, at the time appointed, he was received by the family in the eating-room, where an excellent breakfast was served up. With a light heart he saw that no stranger was expected, and that all promised

a speedy settlement of the desired object.

The entire breakfast itself had a busine like appearance-cold meats, and a kind of previously arranged hasty attendance, as despatch was requisite.

"We will dispense with everything else, said Madame Widen, smiling, "in the hope of having all the better dinner," as she politely pressed her guest to let her help him again; "but I could tell you, too, that my husband is no friend to slow measures, when business is in hand. And so I wish to show our valued guest how readily Swedish wives seek to meet their husbands' wishes; and I am sure you will, on that account, excuse a somewhat hurried break-

"I find it excellent, I assure von." returned Mr. Garben, and his behaviour showed that he only said what he thought. "But," added he, " as to the kindly characteristics of Swedish wives, I esteem it my duty to assure you, also, that thoroughly as I feel convinced of their amiable qualities, the Danish ladies, in this respect, are no ways behind them; and as I shall soon be a married man myself. I feel all the more bound to defend my assertions."

At this unexpected novelty, the lady let as egg-shell fall upon her new cashmere dress: and her husband said-

"We have the honor to congratulate you: and in the same breath tossed off a bumper port wine, as if life and death depended upon swallowing it.

Mrs. Widen had sufficiently collected he self to say, in her very sweetest tone-"Ah, how very agreeable-such an interest

ing piece of news. We may venture to hope that we shall have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Garben and his wife at our house on their next visit to Sweden." As mamma concluded, Rosa, taking up her

glass, with a graceful, pleasing air, said, with

an expression of unaffected pleasure, as she slightly bowed—

"Health and happiness to Mr. Garben's bride."

"I thank you, with all my heart," replied the Danish merchant, putting his glass to his lips. "My bride has the happiness of very much resembling Miss Widen; and for that reason I have felt so much at home, and so gratified in being allowed the pleasure of associating with one so like a very dear friend." "I am very much obliged," said Rosa, with a smile. "I hardly believed Mr. Garben could

have chosen so young a bride." "Well, though I am already middle-aged myself, yet I confess that I have a great liking for youth, especially in a bride. My Rika is not much more than nineteen years old."
"Is everything prepared?" inquired

Widen, impatiently, of his head book-keeper, whole energies were engrossed in get ting through his breakfast,

The book-keeper spoke and ate with-equal rapidity, for he saw the moment of cessation rapidly approaching.

"How soon may we expect the gentlemen back again?" asked Madame Widen, quite un-

concernedly, pushing back her chair. "At three o'clock, as usual, my dear," re plied her husband, looking at his watch; how ever, if Mr. Garben finds it quite convenient it is now time to begin."

The person addressed gave an approving nod; but at the very moment when Mr. Widen was on the point of getting up, he seemed to reel and tumble. Several violent quiverings as if produced by sudden and severe inward pain, distorted his features, and he seemed about to fall; his wife screamed out, in a heart

"Oh, Widen! my dear, for Heaven's sake, what is the matter with you?" The whole party now sprang up from the table at once; the two book-keepers ran to support their patron, who was rather dragged

o the sofa than able to walk thither. Then he sank down, exhausted, with severe spasms and suppressed cries of agony.

Rosa ran for water, his wife brought drops. and all was noise and confusion. The head book-keeper was sent for the Doctor, and Mr. Garben endeavored to comfort the ladies. But with Mrs. Widen, all attempts at consolation were fruitless; she ran to and fro, wringing

ively natural and affecting.

Symptoms of violent sickness now showed itself, and Madame Widen became more tran-

her hands in despair, which appeared excess

"Dame Bern, Dame Bern," she cried, with all her energy, "come here, and help; where is Larson, and Stinna, and Louise? We must get my poor husband to bed before the Doctor With the greatest difficulty, Mr. Widen wa

conveyed to his apartment when he just arrived; for Rosa and Mr. Garben, who stayed outside, heard quite plainly that the threatened symptoms had by no means proved deceptive, there was a terrible clatter of crying and screaming; and as the Merchant now sunk, powerless and faint, back again upon the pillows, his wife bed, and softly whispered in his ear-

"My dear Widen, you are so pale, you really frighten me. Look up; I shall die with terror." However, he did not look up, but remaine lying upon the bed, pale and with closed eyes. and another messenger was despatched for the

At length the Doctor arrived, and stood by the sick man's bed. He declared that Mr Widen had a violent cold, and had probably eaten something indigestible the previous day and after prescribing sudorifies and unjet, he pronounced the attack to be of no consequence; that Mr. Widen would, in a few days, be quite well again, if no fever ensued. Mr. Garben and Rosa heard every word.

"Thank God!" said the young girl, "the Doctor gives good hope; and if Mr. Garben could only remain until to-morrow, perhaps he might be so far restored as to be able to ente upon the business so unfortunately postponed."
"I am very sorry that it is impossible for me to remain any longer. Indeed, I must depart this very day; for, as nothing can be done here now, immediate departure will at least have the effect of bringing me back all the sooner; and then, with God's help, I trust to see your

father perfectly recovered."

As the invalid was inclined to sleep, the Doctor and Madame Widen now came out of his room, and entered the drawing-room. "Ah! how very sad, my dear Mr. Garben,"

sighed Mrs. Widen, shaking her head, with great signs of affliction; "how little do we poor mortals know one minute what the next may bring. I had calculated upon such an agreeable evening, but now it is out of the question. We hope, however, to have the style. The process was interesting, but some pleasure of seeing Mr. Garben again very what tedious, and it was some time before my

Seeing that his wife was preparing to urge

some objections, he said at once—
"Brigitta Marie, my old woman, do go into
the next room, my love; for I must collect my The day after, in the evening, Rosa wrapped

herself in her cloak, and went to the Professor's house, to execute the commission for Ferdi The old gentleman, pipe in mouth, was seated in his arm-chair by the fire, and, as he puffed away, an occasional "hem, hem," escaped his

Rosa lightly tripped over the carpet to his side, and tapped him upon the shoulder. "Good evening, dear uncle—how are you to-

"Eh, eh; is it you, dear child?" The Pro fessor turned kindly round. "Have you come once more to look after me? After what has passed, I hardly expected that; but you are a true-hearted girl, and now, as always, heartily

"I do not understand you, uncle," said Rosa, in astonishment. "Why should I not come

"Oh! I only thought that since your father

" Neither regarding his own letter, nor uncle's

either, has he mentioned a single word to me." replied Rosa. "Since yesterday morning, papa has been scriously ill, and I believe that he could not have occupied himself with any other matters than those which were most pressing." "Well, then, sit down, my dear," continued the Professor, "and then you shall read the letter yourself, which your father wrote me yesterday morning. Look, there it is upon the table. I will tell you the rest afterwards."

With no little tremor and anxiety, Rosa took match, lighted the wax candle, and, by its lim light, read the following lines: Highly respected friend and brother :

"I have already, for some time, been pur-posing to put the friendly inquiry to my good brother, whether it is his intention either to in land, to his nephew, what he will see is absolutely necessary, if an alliance with my daughter is to take place; for, though I trust to be able to give Rosa a fitting fortune, it will not be sufficient, by a great deal, for them to live upon, as the Captain has far more considerable debts than my good brother is aware of, and ave entered into a nearer connection with you—to break off the engagement between the the exception of this melancholy evidence of Captain and my daughter; for my good brother desertion, not another trace of humanity was must clearly see, that it would be only a source in sight; and this old house gave out such a of misfortune to the young people, allowing them to marry without any settled prospect of that it affected the entire scene, and made the an income. I felt more inclined to apply my-self directly to you upon this subject, as I have landscape a cheerless thing.

"It is very singular," said D., "that in this already frequently spoken to Captain Ferdinand about it, and he has probably not given himself the trouble to bring the matter to your atnever have been made public, or, rather, would loubted that my old friend would have with up the young people. Hoping for an early reoly, I have the honor to remain my good

prother's most obedient servant, [Remainder of Chap. xiv next week.]

THE HAUNTED HOUSE. BY MRS. BELL SMITH. O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;

A sense of mystery the spirit daunted, And said, as plain as whisper in the ear. A shrick that echoed from the joisted roof.

A strick that echoed from the joisted root,
And up the stair, and further still and furth
Till in some ringing chamber far aloot,
It ceased its tale of murther!

H. The time was when a ghost story had a significance-when men of learning were superstitious, and the great mass shuddered at any mention of the sheeted dead again revisiting their former haunts. But that has past. We are a practical people. "What is the use,"

says one of Hood's characters, "in a ghost? Suppose he is a ghost, he can't punch you; and what's the benefit of being a ghost, if the ghost ping; while the light came in at three narrow cannot pitch in?" I quote from memory, but that is the meaning, and with that meaning the ghost is ignored; and when you bring your spirits from the vasty deep, most people laugh show their contempt. In return for such treatment, the ghosts do not "pitch in"-so Hood's excited character was about right. This is eminently a practical age. No one

pretends to say that hard skepticism has seized upon humanity. By no manner of means. We vet believe firmly in a spiritual existence, but in a practical manner. We have regulated the manifestations, and brought the subtle, wayward representatives to something like order. We have given them respectable habitations, and taught them to keep regular hours. One need not now seek the graveyard at midnightthe ruined house-the murderer's glen-for communication with souls of the departed. In any of our cities, you will find advertised a circle of spiritualists, or office of a medium, where, Uncle Tom, and examine, to any extent, the

the process entirely safe. I shall not forget soon my first experiment is this way. The scene of enchantment was a room in a fashionable hotel-time, noon. I found mywomen, and a retired dealer in hardware. The mediums, or witches, were the pretty, enchantpockets; and, for the amount of one dollar paid by each, we had the privilege of calling some familiar to account. The Misses Fox re quested us to be seated, not around the caul- save one he brought with him, a little girl, not done, we were soon favored with a series of from the resemblance, his own daughter. But knocks, varying in tone from the timid rap of a the resemblance only went so far as to speak poor relation to the loud demand of a creditor, which, they assured us, were the spirits announcing their readiness to respond to any realittle Alice was soft, beautiful, and confiding. sonable question, put in a proper, confiding what tedious, and it was some time before my

turn came for a converse with the departed. hurry and confusion as on his arrival. At length all was packed, and the gentleman entered, the postilions cracked their whips, Mr. Garben bowed courteously, the carriage rolled away down the street, and Madame Widen, drawing a deep sigh, said—"God be blessed"

MANTED.

He was evidently no farmer, yet went about the stered a fearful scream, and flung her arms around the neck of the retired dealer in hard-back their whips, Mr. Garben bowed courteously, the carriage rolled away down the street, and Madame Widen, drawing a deep sigh, said—"God be blessed"

MANTED.

RARE opportunity is afforded a number of active seen in New England villages, and have a picturesque at, which is place to seen the outline of the lack Captain's figure the sale of fine Steel Plate Engra-ductions with a system and good the Lord's seen the outline of the lack of experiments of active seen in New England villages, and there are picturesque at, which is safer the outline of the lack of experiments of active seen in New England villages, and there are picturesque at, which is safer the outline of the lack of experiments of active seen in New England villages, and there are pictures around the neck of the retired dealer in hard-beautiful engraving of the Lord's seen the outline of the lack of experiments of active seen in New England villages, and there are came upon him, and the stered about, when a blindness of fear came upon him, and beautiful engraving of the Lord's seen the outline of the lack of experiments of active seen in New England villages, and there are devel of the Safet Plate Captain's figure of the Lord's safe the outline of the lack of experiments of the safe of the Safet Plate Captain's figure of the Lord's safe the outline of the lack of experiments of the safe of the Safet Plate Captain's figure of the Lord's safe the outline of the lack of the Safet Plate Captain's figure of the Lord's safe the outline of the lack of the Safet Plate Captain's figure of the Lord's safe the outline of the lack of the Safet Plate Captain's

fice it to say, that we separated fully convinced of several things. For my part, I believe in ghosts; I believe in the little Foxes; and I beeve in all spiritual manifestations. With this confession of a creed, my readers can perceive with what genuine earnestness I proceed to tell them this true story of a ghostly kind.

During the vacation in the summer of -I found my husband prepared to quit the dusty musty courts, for the country, just as my physician had prescribed daily exercise for me on horseback, as the proper restorative to health Very well; the country was just the place for such exercise; but a difficulty met us at the outset. The prescription had been followed by the purchase of a beautiful white horse—the most spirited, affectionate creature in the world. To leave Coney behind, cooped up in a dull city stable, while we were enjoying the country air, was not to be thought of. We first proposed having him brought by road, whilst we rattled to our retreat on the rail. But a happy thought struck me. Why not go ourselves on horseback? The proposition was at once accepted, and in a few days, equipped in accordance with comfort, and some little of the picturesque, we were gallantly pacing along the highways and by-ways, in a manner that would have made glad the heart of James. He would have begun immediately a three volume novel, with "Two equestrians might have been seen." had written me that letter, yesterday morning, which, together with my reply, he probably showed you, you might possibly feel obliged to do the same girls usually do on such occawe suddenly came, as we turned into the yard of a hotel, upon Charles A——, Esq., who rub-bed his eyes, and looked as much astonished as

if Don Quixote had stalked in upon his vision I wish I had the space to follow the windings of that pleasant way, which led from the hot dusty city, to our country home. How we kept by the banks of the fair Miami, and saw it, now sleeping lake-wise, with a solitary crane stalk ing like a shadow above its glassy surface, or brawling along shallows, or roaring over mill dams; while all the while old trees leaned over as if to see themselves reflected in the waves below; or how we found wayside inns toned down by leaves, where fresh milk, cool from the spring, with the whitest of bread, were given us for food; while downy beds, where the whispering foliage brushed against the window, or pat brother, whether it is his intention either to tering rain was heard upon the roof, received settle a sum of ready money, or to make over, us for the night. But space and time will not admit of such digressions, for this chapter is devoted to a veritable ghost story, and as such

must be written.
We had left the unshaded town of Lebanon Lebanon without its cedars-far to our right. and were seeking anxiously for some by-way, or path even, that would lead us from the hot and which must naturally be paid before thinking of anything else. I am very far from wishing you to look upon this as a demand; my good brother will dispose as he thinks right of his dusty pike, when a scene presented itself, so peculiar, we had to pause for a better view. We were upon a gentle eminence, looking into own property; only this much I wish to say, be encountered on our route, except in one parthat in case you should consider this propositional ticular, and that was its dreary silence. What own property; only this induct I wish to say, the encountered on our route, except in one partial time as you should consider this proposition unreasonable, and do not feel inclined to consent thereto, I shall find myself under the necessity—much as I should have rejoiced to house, with windows closed, roof broken in, and corn growing close upon the door-sill. With desertion, not another trace of humanity was that it affected the entire scene, and made the

So we pondered, for no one was near to re proposition on my part to dismount, and look never have been made public, or. rather, would closer at the ruin. A ruin in our new, busy have rave taken place at all, had I for an instant land, is sufficient of itself to attract attention. We tied our horses to the old decaying fence, pleasure contributed his share towards setting and, threading the rows of rustling corn, were soon within the porch of the old house. Its roof was open, like a honeycomb; and the loose planks, warped by sun and rain, rattled noisily beneath our feet. The door opened to D.'s efforts, creaking on its hinges, and scraping the floor. The interior startled us yet more. The room we entered was furnished— the rough cane chairs stood about the floor, as if pushed out of place but a few moments previous, yet covered with mould and cobwebs. The corner cupboard, with one door fallen, displayed its usual contents of cups, plates, and saucers, while in the opposite corner the old-fashioned clock stared in silence at us, its hand pointing mutely to the hour of one. In various places on the floor, damp stains showed where the rains of summer and the snows of winter had dripped through the broken ceiling; while as we gazed with mute wonder in the dim light, (for upon the broken windows the suncracked shutters were closed,) winds, with damp,

musty odors, wandered about us. We ascended the stairs-rough originally they seemed now to remonstrate at further use as we mounted. The first room to our right been built in imitation of a ship's cabin-the ceiling being low, heavily timbered, and slowindows, piercing a wall, which leaned outdelusion, a hammock was swung from the rafters, while a sea-chest occupied one corner. An terior a huge rat jumped through a hole, and lisappeared. This was the only living thing that greeted us. From this chest I took an old worn volume of manuscript, written in a hard, angular hand. The other rooms, though not so strangely constructed, were in keeping with this, exhibiting the same evidences

sudden desertion and subsequent decay. "Some great evil," I exclaimed, "has faller on this house. Perhaps the scene of a fearful "More likely," answered D., "a fell dis

ease, which has frightened the living from the place, made me glad once more to find ournext hill, we came, unexpectedly, upon a little habitation, giving undoubted evidences of a live

a pleasant companion. Indeed, he had none, more than five years of age, and, evidently With the peculiarity of our Western life, Thomas Earle was called Captain Earle. That he had Alice spoke of him. Captain Earle purchased

WASHINGTON, D. C.

and praised! he is off at last, my dear old man!"

The Merchant raised himself in his bed, and with a kind of smile, between sweet and sour, and the Destrict of Common in the Destri and repulsive a character, could not escape criticism; and, not only was he severely com-mented upon, but various insinuations were whispered about, purporting to account for his

whispered about, purporting to account for his extraordinary conduct.

Times prospered with Thomas Earle, and little Alice, wandering about the gloomy house, like a stray sunbeam, grew, from slender girlhood into a beautiful woman. This fact made no change in their mode of life. Of it, indeed, Captain Earle did not seem to be aware. He treated her still as a child. He seemed to be absorbed in the affairs of his farm; and, when not so engaged would withdraw to his singunot so engaged, would withdraw to his singularly constructed room, and pore for hours over a book, the nature of which none knew, as he carefully kept it under lock—or he would walk to and fro for hours within the limits of his little apartment. This last was a marked peculiarity. Every evening, after an early sup-per, he would retire; and it made no difference how laborions had been the day, this prome-nade would commence; and Alice, in the room below, would hear the measured tread of the wooden leg upon the floor, continuing until the occupant apparently retired to his ham-

This was a dreary life for the fair girl, and it is not strange she listened to the first offer proposing a change. This came from a young farmer, son of a widow, who had bestowed more than ordinary care in the education of her only child. He was handsome, sensitive, and sprightly, had been the companion of Alice at school, her attendant to church; and at last their intimacy came to a declaration of love, to which Alice responded, and the matter was referred to her father. He listened in astonishment to the proposition, and indignantly refused. However, on seeing the daughter's tears, he took the affair under consideration, and ended by giving a reluctant consent. The consent was accompanied by the strange condi-tion, that the young people should not live in the same house with himself; and so he built for them the little cottage in which we heard this strange recital. The house was finished and furnished, and the wedding took place. Few were present; and, after the ceremony, Alice and her husband left for their humble home, and the old man was left alone. Affairs continued for some time as before

nothing occurring to break the uniformity of

young Yardly's mother, until the occurrence of an event which not only changed the current, but broke up the life so long and strangely pursued. Yardly took the place of a laborer upon the farm, and worked with his father, precisely as the dynastic had done before he hereave. as the domestic had done before he became a part of the family. Some months after the wedding, as the young man was returning, one wedding, as the young man was returning, one evening, from his daily toil, he encountered upon the turnpike a tall, slender man, some fifty years of age, bearing a knapsack upon his shoulders, who asked him if one calling himself Thomas Earle lived in that neighborhood. He was answered in the affirmative, and, on expressing a desire to see Captain Earle, Yardly turned to accompany him. Together they ascended the hill, entered the porch, and knocked at the door. It was opened by Earle himself, for the domestic, as usual, had left the house. His son was about saying where he had encountered this stranger who had expressed a wish to see him, when Captain Earle's eyes fell upon the traveller. The sun had set but fell upon the traveller. The sun had set, but brain, already somewhat unhinged. He was daylight still held its own, so that the stranger removed to an asylum, where he now is, some-The effect was startling. Grasping the half-opened door, he turned deadly pale—almost fell—and then made a move as if to shut out a silence. sight that seemed so appalling. However, he recovered himself, and, harshly sending Yardly

away, motioned the stranger to enter. had seen; but from some reason, scarcely known to himself, said nothing of the matter to his wife. The next morning, Captain Earle apin the shape of this beautiful farm, and the peared with the stranger, and, about ten o'clock they separated—Captain Earle sending his singular visiter to the adjoining town, where he I know better than this, for I have it all wr they separated—Captain Earle sending his singular visiter to the adjoining town, where he took the stage, and was never heard of again.

But the interview had its result. During that publish it sometime, for the sake of confoundday, the old man was dispirited and absent. The habitually stern lineaments of his face had changed to almost a vacant and painful expression of grief and uncertainty. The day wore on, and, in the evening, the son and father separated as usual. That night, a feeling of some impending evil fell upon the house-hold of the young husband, but no other token was given of its approach. The bright sun went down, bathed in glory—the stars gather-ed in their glad array; and sleep came at last, to seal up the senses, and shut out the unsubstantial phantoms of fear.

The next morning, Thomas Earle was found dead. The death had not been peaceful, for the clinched hands yet grasped the torn side of had read a hundred descriptions, and seen picthe rude hammock, the eyes were staring, the tures of it taken from as many points, it was just mouth open-indeed, every feature indicating a as new as if it had now for the first time entered

scene of horror. They closed the eyes, and folded the hands over the heart, now at last stilled in death, and the once troubled form was borne away to

the quiet country church-yard. After the burial, the young people thought it best to remove from their little cabin to the homestead. This was done, and the first evening they proposed inhabiting the house came upon them. The gloom was gathering about the habitation, and Alice, in the arms of her the habitation, and Alice, in the arms of her the habitation, and the arms of her the habitation, and the arms of her the habitation, and the instance occan, instead of an imaginary line, divided us.

when, as the servant was about striking a light, all three started in intense terror. They heard the measured tread of the now buried man, pacing, as was his wont in life, the room above. Tramp, tramp, tramp, they heard distinctly the wooden leg as it struck upon the floor. The girl fled, shricking—Alice fainted, and when she returned to her consciousness, they were in the road where her husband had carried her, not even he daring to remain.

The son and daughter would have concealed the whole three hundred miles, on the banks of

put in communication with any of the departed, from the warlike Julius Casar to the martyred Uncle Tom, and examine to communication with any of the departed, and old horse in the adjoining pasture lifted his sober head, and, approaching the fence, eyed their services, and at sunset a goodly crowd us with enriceits. us with curiosity. D. proposed inquiring here | were collected in the late Captain's residence. for a solution of the mystery we had just left. It was determined that no light should be It was about our luncheon time, and, asking for milk and bread for ourselves, and corn for main as when formally occupied by its strange our horses, we entered the cabin. An old woman received us kindly; and whilst we were discussing the humble but excellent fare, gave us readily the history of the deserted house.

main as when formally occupied by its strange inhabitant. This, however, was reluctantly consented to by a portion of the company. The sun shot its last golden arrows through the apple trees that shaded the house—the glory of us readily the history of the deserted house.

Some fifteen years before the time we had its sitting faded gradually from the windows, the good fortune to hear the strange tale, there and darkness fell upon the watchers. This had came into the neighborhood a sea-faring man, not continued many minutes, when a thrill of who called himself Thomas Earle. He was horror ran through the crowd. Strong men mediums, or witches, were the pretty, enchanting, little Foxes, formerly of Rochester, and said to be the originators of this singular pursual said to be the originators of the said that the younger man. His hair was gray at that time, the plaster, they heard the regular tread of the while, deeply set under a square head, a cold blue eye presided over a furrowed face, in a way which made the new comer anything but times, and then an interval, as if turning; and times, and then an interval, as if turning; and then, again, tramp, tramp, tramp. A mortal agony of fear struck like chills through the asembly, each one looking to the other for sup people, they seem very loyal; and as they are left to enjoy in peace all the privileges they deport, when a new feature was added to the scene. They heard a door above open and sire, they trouble themselves little about the shut; the noise ceased for an instant, then it was renewed upon the stairway. The fearful disposition to oppress. inhabitant of another world was coming to them. Slowly it descended, with a dull, heavy thump upon every other stair. The door at pensive wharves have been built, as the only the foot of the stairway flew open—they heard the iron latch click, as if a human finger press-took a seat in the curious calash, drawn by the "In fourteen days I hope to be back again; however, I will no longer intrude upon you, while you have sorrow and trouble in the house."

Mr. Garben took leave, politely kissed the ladies hands, and was accompanied by Madame Widen, with incessant regrets, to the very bottom of the stairs. Two hours later, as she was sitting alone by her sit alone by her sit

supernatural manifestations. He heard of the extraordinary affair, and, announcing public'y his intention to solve the mystery, came in the neighborhood.

A man fitter for such an enterprise could not

The lecturer proposed they should repair to be house at the hour indicated, when the coubled spirit saw fit to manifest itself. Accordingly, the evening of the day when the proposition was made, the four collected in the room lately the scene of this dreadful mystery. The night did not come to them, as it had to others, oft and quietly. A storm was gathering at the southwest, so that, long before sunset, it was night in the room they occupied. They waited more than an hour, in the dead silence which sometimes precedes a tempest, when almost at the exact moment the dreaded noise began. As it did, the first heavy breathings of the storm, the first huge drops of rain, struck upon the house. As the walk went on the storm grew loud; and, in the vivid flashes of lightning, the terrified Alice clinging to her husband, the frightened clergyman, with his hands classed prayer, saw the mesmeriser standing erect, is arms stretched towards the door, and an expression almost ferocious on his pallid face. And they heard the door open and shut again;

in a momentary pause of the tempest, they heard his step upon the stair, slowly descending.

The storm grew loud again—grew loud in trange, fearful manner. It was not the ordi-ary blasts of wind, and dashes of rain upon the house and trees; but the wind was shall, and fairly whistled as it flew; while a sound, as of creaking cordage and straining timbers, was of creaking cordage and straining timbers, was almost drowned at times by sudden, heavy roars, as of mountain waves breaking on a vessel's bows. All this the listeners heard, or imagined they heard, while that step slowly descended the stairs. On it came—the door opened—the ghostly visiter approached; when, sud-denly, the mesmeriser exclaimed, in a shrill

"In the name of all things sacred, tell to rie your trouble!" At this question, so boldly put, the storm seemed to burst in all its fury upon the decoted house. The doors flew open—the window carried singing upon the wind; and, in the midst, a shriek, a wail, feeble, yet piercing, was

gyman could bear no more—covering his ears, he fled through the open door, away, along the road, to the first human habitation.

What was made known in that fearful inter

Grasping the half-leadly pale—almost himself St. Paul, and preserves a dignified

As we rode away, I expressed my firm conviction that this Earle was a great pirate retired from business, and that in his orchard could be found hidden treasures.

For the National Era REMINISCENCES OF SUMMER TRAVEL THE ST. LAWRENCE AND THE SAGUENAY

We had been all night up the tempestuous St. Lawrence, when clear and bright the morning dawned, and found us sheltered beneath the gray walls of Quebec-the fortress-crowned and gate-bound city of the North. And though we our thoughts, and far more grand and imposing than we had ever imagined.

To visit Montreal and Quebec, and go from village to village among Canadian peasantry, is next to a trip to Europe. The scenery, the manners and customs of the people, are as widely different from anything we see "over the to the effect stated in the present circular, that dred miles beyond Quebec, and up the river engagements which exist between Denmark Saguenay nearly seventy miles, stopping at many villages by the way, and were struck by the quiet ways and non-progressive habits of other Power." The proposal now made is the people. They are the descendants of Nor-wards received and solve of the United States, at the same time that it invites mandy peasants, and scarcely differ now in their modes of life from their ancestors, centu- which it may conceive to be virtually the same ries ago. We looked in amazement, too, during as was once proposed by our Government. this fearful event, tending, as it did, to cast suspicion on the family; but, from the lips of the

the soil furnishes. On the Hudson, Ohio, and Mississippi, the waters are dotted with sails and busy steamers, engaged in the coasting trade; but here there was scarcely a boat to be seen; and what the farmer and the village merchant can fransport upon sledges over the winter snows, are all the people can share of city luxuries. We thought it would be a pleasant trip to go by land the same distance, and live meantime among this artless peasantry, and see what must be the perfection of rural life and simplicits; for in Canada there is far more of comfor among large manufacturing districts to oppress all the surrounding population, they have fee taxes to pay, and perfect freedom in religious matters. The system of tenures has been lately abolished, so that the peasants can own the land they till. Though entirely French, and a conquered

disposition to oppress.

Our little steamer stopped at Murray Bay and Rivière du Loup, or Wolf river, where ex-

sea-bathing, as they do from New York to the little towns upon Coney and Staten Islands; and whilst our steamer is landing, the wharf is swarming with "lords and ladies gay," easily distinguished from the habitans, whose dress is the coarse straw hat and rude blouse. But there is a gentleness in their manners, and a respectful deference without servility in their deportment, which contrasts strikingly with the people we see at *landings* on more southern shores. If you ask a service, they perform it with cheerfulness and alacrity; but though there are fifty calashes, with their drivers, standing along the street, there is not an act of rude ness nor a single vociferous shout.

We have often heard the patois of the Cana

dians spoken of with contempt, as a rude jar A man fitter for such an enterprise could not have been selected, with sunken, piercing eyes, sallow cheeks, long nose, and thin lips, added to black hair worn in straight tails—a beard to black hair worn in straight tails—a beard a slender, ungainly body, made him look as if he might either lay a ghost, or raise the evil one. Yardly, accepting his offer, invited his minister to make one of the party. The poor old man reluctantly consented. Alice insisted upon accompanying them, saying that now she knew the ill, she was well prepared for its investigasical and amusing; and to know that we are in an English Province, ruled by Protestant princes, and see ourselves surrounded by French people, in the midst of French customs, while the cross with its crown of thorns is upon every hill-top and in every valley, indi-

cating that the Catholic religion is universal, is a continual contradiction.

The special object of our trip was to ascend the Saguenay; and though we had seen the "Seven Mile Mirror," in which its glories are reflected, and revelled in many a description, we were not at all prepared for the realities which rose up before us as we glided over its dark waters. Where we leave the St. Lawrence, it is nearly thirty miles broad, and the Sagnenay, in immediate contrast, seemed a nar-row stream, although more than two miles in width. At first, the bluffs and sloping hills re-minded us of the shores of Lake George, but increased in grandeur as we proceeded, till they stood alone, reminding us of nothing else we had seen in nature. During the whole seventy miles, there is not a rod of interval, but mountains of every form and size, bold and bleak rising directly from the water's edge, obliging you to look straight up, from fifteen hundred to ten thousand feet!
Where the wind sweeps across the bluffs,

they are bold, and the pines, which should be grand and waving forest trees, are naked stubbs, without a sign of verdure. Here and there upon a rock, or in a wild ravine, is seen a fisherman's hut, or the temporary sheds of lumber-men; but all else is solemn, grand, and still. We do not see a bird, or hear a single sound of life. The water is black, and so deep that no line has fathomed it; and the cold is so in-tense, that furs and all the woollens of January are but slight protection against the piercing blasts. Trout are said to be abundant in the bays, and seals splash lazily upon the surface. As the steamer upon which we are is only a pleasure boat, we move slowly along, pausing at every spot of interest, where a silvery stream threads its noiseless way through the fringes of a sunny glade, a waterfall dashes down the gorge, or the St. Marguerite flows quietly down, mingle its bright waters with the dark waves

of the Saguenay.

We moor in Ha-ha Bay, which is the Indian for Laughing Waters; and here, upon the more gently sloping hills we find a little village—a church, a school-house, and a saw-mill—with its sound of busy life. Here, too, are harvests waving in rich luxuriance. Again, with a French courier, a Canada pony, and the light calash, we drive through the principal street, cross the crystal brook upon its pebbly bed, while on the bank the kine are grazing, and merry maidens are bleaching, and stop at a little repository of "tobacco, sugar, tea, and rum," which professes to supply the wants of the villagers in this northern clime. There does not and we find nothing but a birchen basket of

domestic manufacture to treasure for a souve-nir of this far-off and peculiar people. Our driver can speak a little English, and we ask him if the crops are good this season; and are assured that there is "plenty of every ting, plenty oats, plenty barley, plenty wheat and potatoes, plenty every ting." But we cannot imagine where this plenty is produced.

On our return, we are fog-bound for many

hours in Lance l'Eau Bay, near the mouth of the river, where we see the little church first built in Canada, in 1608, the same year in which Quebec was founded, and on the St. Lawrence encounter a fearful storm; but at length, as I said, found ourselves safely moored in the har-

THE SOUND DUES .- The Journal of Com merce on this subject furnishes an explanation of what Denmark means by the capitalization of the Sound dues. It appears that the annual average receipts of Sound dues on merchandise (exclusive of legitimate taxes) amount to 2,103,500 rix dollars, which, capitalized at five per cent., or twenty years' purchase, would pro-\$30,000,000 United States currency. Of this sum, Russia is expected to pay twenty-nine per cent., or \$8,700,000; Great Britain the same amount; Prussia twelve per cent., or \$3,600,000; France three per cent., or \$900,000; Norway one per cent., or \$300,000; Hamburg and Bremen about \$250,000; the United States about \$250,000, &c. The amount which would have to be paid by the United States is very nearly the same as was actually offered by this Government some time ago as a gross payment to Denmark, if American vessels might thence-forth be permitted to pass into the Baltic free from toll; but the Court of Copenhagen replied and the other Powers, with regard to the Sound the other Powers to join in an arrangement

selves on the sunny pike. Riding over the neighborhood. Dunger the habitation, giving undoubted evidences of a live occupation. Chickens cackled busily about the door, a dog barked as we approached, while the door, a dog barked as we approached the house, and before night many stout seems to us a cold and sterile region, but the land must be very productive to support so a little with the door. The door THE VALUE OF POLITENESS .-- Mr. Butler, of trading public wisely thought that his accommodating spirit, as shown in this trifling affair and in the general conduct of his business, deserved a good run of custom, which they gave, and placed him on the track of high He subscribed the sum of forty usand dollars towards founding a hospital for the insane in Rhode Island, through the benevolent importunities of Miss Dix.

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